

REV ✓

SULLIVAN, STAUFFER, COLWELL & BAYLES, INC.

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PROCKTER PRODUCTIONS, INC.

THE BIG STORY

Oct. 17, 1952

9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

(2)

Production #208

Script by: Alvin Boretz

A.M. July 27, 1949

PEG KENNEDY and FRANK WINGE, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

CAST

Peg Kennedy

Frank Winge

Chief

Rose

Larabee

Marge

Peters

Cop (under five)

PEG KENNEDY AND FRANK WINGE, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

SETS

Room in police hqts.

City room

Rose's room

Marge's room

Street

THE BIG STORY

REV.

Peg Kennedy and Frank Winge, Chicago Sun-Times

1. (F) New Opening

CHAPPELL

PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES  
THE FINEST QUALITY MONEY CAN  
BUY present...THE BIG STORY.

DISSOLVE TO

MUSIC: BEHIND

2. (L) ROSE'S ROOM. NIGHT. A CHEAP,  
SMALL PLACE WITH A TOUCH OF FEMININITY  
TO IT. ROSE IS AT THE TABLE WRITING.  
CU SHOWS WORDS..."MY DIARY"..AT TOP OF  
PAGE IN SMALL BOOK. AS SHE WRITES...)

ROSE (RECORDED)

He said he loved me. Said he wanted me  
to marry him. Please..let him be different  
from the first one. He was always lying  
to me..making up stories. I'm finished with  
him. (HOPEFULLY)

But this new fellow...I just know he's  
not like that. I just know I'm going  
to be lucky.

(SHE STOPS...LOOKS UP..WONDERS WHAT TO  
WRITE NEXT. DOOR OPENS AND A MAN'S LEGS  
ENTER STEALTHILY. AS THEY MOVE TOWARD  
THE UNSUSPECTING GIRL, GO BACK TO HER  
AS SHE RESUMES WRITING. WE SEE **JUST**  
HER HEAD AND HANDS.)

ROSE (RECORDED)

I'm going to see him tomorrow. I'm  
going to tell him how much I love him.  
Right now, I'm more happy than I've been  
in my whole life. I love..

(SUDDENLY THE PEN FALLS FROM HER FINGERS AS THE UNSEEN MAN'S HANDS GRIP HER NECK. SLOWLY SHE IS STRANGLED. HER HANDS TRY TO UNCLASP THOSE OF THE STRANGLER BUT THEN HER HANDS GROW LIMP AND SHE SLIDES AWKWARDLY TO THE FLOOR. THE DIARY HAS FALLEN TO THE FLOOR IN..

2. (L) CONTD.

THE STRUGGLE AND HAS BEEN PUSHED ALMOST OUT OF SIGHT UNDER A BUREAU. WE CLOSE AS THE LEGS GO SWIFTLY FROM THE ROOM. ROSE IS ON THE FLOOR..STILL...LIFELESS)

DISSOLVE TO:

3. (F) GENERAL SHOTS, CHICAGO,  
BILLBOARD

CHAPPELL

Chicago, Illinois. The story you are about to see actually happened. It happened here in Chi. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. The Chicago Sun-Times.

DISSOLVE TO

4 (L) THE CITY ROOM. WE SEE PEG AT HER DESK TYPING, A PENCIL IN HER TEETH. FRANK IS LEANING BACK IN HIS CHAIR.

PEG PULLS OUT THE COPY AND HANDS IT TO FRANK, HIS FEET PROPPED ON THE DESK. AN EXPERIENCED, CYNICAL REPORTER.

PEG

The society page to the front page. that's a big jump. But Frank Winge's the man who helped me do it.

And tonight, to Peg Kennedy and Frank Winge of the Chicago Sun-Times, the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have presented the PELL MELL Five Hundred Dollar award.

PEG

The society page to the front page. That's a big jump. But Frank Winge's the man who helped me do it. (INDICATES HIM AS SHE SPEAKS HIS NAME) A brutal murder had happened across the Indiana State Line. Frank told our editor he'd take me along on the assignment... show me the ropes. Together we went after the story...and together, we got it.

FRANK (GETS TO HIS FEET  
AND SPEAKS RIGHT  
TO US)

Yeah...but one thing she didn't mention. The way it all turned out, I almost wound up writing her obituary instead.

PEG

For that and a few other reasons you'll see, I'll remember this story the rest of my life. This is the way it happened... (SHOWS THE CLIPS)....just as we wrote it for our paper... the Chicago Sun-Times.

FADE IN

6 (L) ROSE'S ROOM. THE MEDICAL EXAMINER IS BY HER SIDE, ON THE FLOOR, JUST FINISHING HIS EXAMINATION. THE POLICE CHIEF IS WATCHING INTENTLY...PERHAPS WITH A LITTLE MORBIDITY. THE DOOR OPENS AND WE SEE FRANK WINGE. THE CHIEF HASN'T SEEN HIM YET. FRANK MOTIONS TO PEG WHO IS OUT OF SIGHT IN THE HALL TO COME ON IN. AS FRANK MOVES INTO THE ROOM WE STAY CLOSE ON THE DOOR BUT AT AN ANGLE WHICH INCLUDES THE TIGHT LITTLE GROUP OF MEN AND THE BODY. THUS THE EMPHASIS IS ON PEG AS SHE COMES IN AND THE MEN TALKING IS A BACKDROP FOR HER REACTIONS TO THE WHOLE MURDER SCENE.

WINGE

Hi, Chief.

CHIEF

Winge.

WINGE

Nice city, Fort Wayne. Always like to come back.

(WE SEE PEG APPEAR IN THE DOORWAY. SHE IS HESITANT IN HER MOVEMENTS)

CHIEF

What's a matter? Nobody getting killed in Chicago? (HE SEES PEG) Hey, you... girlie, what do you want?

WINGE

Please don't scare my young associate.

Chief, this is Peg Kennedy.

CHIEF

Reporter?

PEG

How..how do you do?

CHAPPELL

Now the story as it actually happened. Peg Kennedy and Frank Winge's story..as they lived it.



WINGE

Well, comon in.

CHIEF

Finished, Doc?

(EXAMINER GETS UP AND MOTIONS CHIEF TO A CORNER WHERE HE BEGINS TALKING CONFIDENTIALLY TO HIM. WINGE EDGES OVER TO GET AN EARFUL. PEG COMES SLOWLY INTO THE ROOM. SHE TURNS STILL SLOWLY TO SEE THE BODY AND HER FACE INDICATES A LITTLE PAIN AT SEEING IT)  
(THE MEN IGNORE THE BODY)

(SHE SEES ROSE'S PICTURE ON A TABLE. SHE PICKS IT UP)  
(SHE LOOKS FROM IT TO THE BODY. THE PICTURE SHOWS ROSE HOLDING A FLOWER CORSAGE AND A DIPLOMA)

(THE DOOR OPENS AND TWO MEN COME IN WITH A STRETCHER. THE CHIEF TURNS AND MOTIONS FOR THEM TO PROCEED. THEY LIFT THE BODY ONTO THE STRETCHER AND GO OUT.)

(THE CHIEF GOES INTO THE HALL AND PEERS DOWN IT.  
WINGE COMES OVER TO PEG)

WINGE

You're not doing so good, eh?

(SHE TURNS TO HIM IN SURPRISE. HE WAVES A FINGER SLIGHTLY AT HIS FACE. HE IS A LITTLE GENTLE NOW)

All over your face.

PEG (EMBARRASSED)

Sorry.

WINGE (SHRUGS)

You wanted to work on a paper.

NARR:

You come into the room. Peg Kennedy...and all you can see is the girl. She was dead. Really dead. Nothing or no one could change that. A nice face. Happy. Almost like the picture her mother kept on the dresser at home.  
Yesterday, she was a person. By tomorrow...like she never even existed.

CHIEF

(COMES IN, CLOSES THE DOOR)

You two about through in here?

WINGE

Soon as you tell us a couple of things.

CHIEF

Name was Rose Lujack. Medical examiner figures she died somewhere around midnight. Strangled.

PEG

Do you..do you know who did it?

CHIEF

We've got an idea. Roomer across the hall says she had a big fight with her boy friend yesterday. He slapped her around. Now, suddenly, he's missing.

WINGE

Makes it nice. Suspect, witness, motive... the works.

CHIEF (WARNING)

Don't mix in, Winge.

WINGE

Who wants trouble? All I said was...

CHIEF (CUTTING IN)

Look, for once, let the cops break a case, eh? Okay, Winge, okay?

(DOOR OPENS A COP APPEARS)

COP

Chief, we got him. Larabee. He's at headquarters.



CHIEF  
Let's go. (STARTS FOR THE DOOR)

WINGE

Hey, who's Larabee?

CHIEF (PAUSES AT DOOR)

The boyfriend. (HE EXITS)

WINGE

Wait for us. We're going with

you.

(HE GRABS PEG'S HAND AND STARTS FOR  
THE DOOR)

Comon.

(AS THEY GO OUT)

DISSOLVE TO:

7. (F) POLICE CAR PULLS AWAY FROM  
CURB AS WINGE AND PEGGY COME  
OUT OF A CHEAP ROOMING HOUSE,  
HE CALLS AFTER THE POLICE CAR  
IN VAIN. HE SIGNALS A TAXI  
BUT IT GOES BY. ANOTHER RE-  
SPONDS AND PULLS UP.

AS HE STARTS TO PUSH HER IN THE  
CAB SHE NOTICES THE BAG IS MISS-  
ING. HE CLAPS HIS HAND TO HIS  
NECK IN DISGUST AND JUMPS IN THE  
CAB. AS IT PULLS AWAY HE LEANS  
OUT THE WINDOW CALLING TO HER.  
SHE GOES ACROSS SIDEWALK AND EN-  
TERS THE HOUSE.)

DISSOLVE TO:

8. (L) ROSE'S ROOM PEG ENTERS  
AND BEGINS LOOKING FOR THE BAG.  
SHE SPOTS IT ON THE DRESSER. SHE  
GOES TO IT AND HER FOOT STRIKES  
SOMETHING ON THE FLOOR ALMOST  
OUT OF SIGHT AROUND THE EDGE  
OF THE DRESSER. SHE STEPS  
BACK, LOOKS AT IT, THEN BENDS  
TO PICK IT UP.

TAKE CU OF THE OBJECT. IT IS  
THE DIARY AND THE PRINTING ON  
THE COVER READS...

MY DIARY...

(NARR.)

One thing about Winge. He looks  
slow but he moves fast. Yet he  
hadn't counted on you. (SLIGHT  
DISMAY) For you Peg Kennedy had  
forgotten your pocketbook. (AS  
IF WINGE WERE SAYING IT) All  
right, woman. He calls back.  
Take the next cab. And in a  
minute, Winge is gone.

CUT BACK TO PEG AS SHE OPENS THE PAGES CURIOUSLY...LEAFS THRU THEM. SHE WANTS BETTER LIGHT AND SHE GOES NEAR THE WINDOW TO READ. HER FACE GROWS INTENT.

ROSE (OFF SCREEN)

Why did I come here? Why did I think the city would be different? It's the town all over again. Only more people to tell you lies. More streets to wander in. There must be someplace for me. Someplace where they'll want me...where I'll want to stay (HOPEFULLY) Maybe I'll go to California. Hollywood even. I'll get a job out there. The movies. Who can tell. I know how men look at me. (ALMOST DEFENSIVE) I am pretty. (LOVING THE IDEA) Like that magazine I read. I'd be having a soda in a drug store. And one of those talent scouts would walk in. They'd sign me up. Change my name...give me beautiful dresses. I'd be a star. It could happen. It could really happen.

MUSIC: BUILDS IN GENTLY BEHIND WISTFUL, SAD STRINGS.

NARR:

A diary. You used to keep one. It was part of being a girl.... growing up. And Rose Lujack was no different than you.

(PEG SUDDENLY SLAMS THE BOOK SHUT. SHE SNATCHES HER BAG AND GOES OUT. CLOSE ON ROSE'S PHOTO ON THE TABLE, SMILING...RADIANT) MUSIC: HITS A SHARP, SUDDEN PEAK AS THE BOOK CLOSSES.

DISSOLVE TO:

9. (L) CU OF GEORGE LARABEE. AS

WE DOLLY BACK WE SEE WE ARE

IN A SMALL ROOM AT HEADQUARTERS.

BARE BUT FOR A FEW CHAIRS AND

A TABLE. THE CHIEF AND WINGE

ARE THERE.

GEORGE

I didn't kill Rose. I didn't. I didn't.

CHIEF

But you had an argument with her only yesterday. Didn't you, Larabee?

GEORGE

(SHAKING HIS HEAD)

We were going to be married. Married.

CHIEF

Why were you trying to leave town?

GEORGE

I wasn't running away.

CHIEF

We picked you up at the bus terminal, didn't we?

GEORGE

I was going home. Tell my folks about Rose.

CHIEF

One way to settle this. (BOTH MEN

FOLLOW HIM WITH THEIR EYES CURIOUSLY AS HE GOES TO A SIDE DOOR AND OPENS IT.)

Mr. Peters. (PETERS APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY.

HE IS ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE, THIN, A SOFT FACE. THE CHIEF TALKS TO HIM QUIETLY SO THE OTHERS CAN'T HEAR)

You ready to identify this fellow.

PETERS (JUST A SHADE OF EAGERNESS)

You can count on me, Chief. I won't let you down. That's why I've been waiting around here. I want to help.

CHIEF

All right. (AN ADDED THOUGHT AS  
HE WAS ABOUT TO PROCEED INTO  
THE ROOM) But make sure it's  
the right man. (HE COMES BACK  
TO LARABEE AND PETERS FOLLOWS)  
(TO GEORGE) You know this man?

GEORGE

No.

PETERS (APOLOGETIC)

Don't you remember? I lived  
across the hall from Miss  
Lujack. I...I saw you two  
fighting.

GEORGE

Look, Mister. Stay out of this.  
You don't realize what you're  
doing.

(DOOR OPENS AND WE SEE PEG COME IN  
QUIETLY AND WATCH)

PETERS

I'm sorry but what else can I  
do. I have to tell them what  
I saw. I hardly knew Miss  
Lujack. I didn't want to be  
mixed up in this but...(ALMOST  
ENTREATING)...I did see you.  
I'm sorry.

GEORGE  
(ALMOST LUNGES AT HIM)  
You crazy...

CHIEF

(GRABS HIM AS COP RUNS OVER  
TO HELP) Hold it, Larabee.

(TO THE COP) Throw him back  
in his cell. (COP STARTS  
TAKING HIM OFF)



GEORGE

Please. You have to understand.

I loved her. We were going to

be married. You have to find

who did it. You have to find

him. (COP GETS HIM OUT)

(PEG HAS WATCHED HIM BEING TAKEN  
OUT AND HIS FINAL PLEADING WAS  
DIRECTED TO HER SINCE SHE WAS  
CLOSE TO THE DOOR)

PETERS (TO CHIEF AND  
WINGE)

Why did I have to get involved

in this? Why?

PEG (MOVING IN)

He...he doesn't look like a

murderer to me.

WINGE (A LITTLE SURPRISE)

Peg.....

PEG

I'm sorry. He just doesn't...

CHIEF

Now look here, Miss Kennedy.

You heard me tell Winge...no

interference. That goes for

you too.

PEG

I'm saying it for a reason.

This boyfriend of hers. He...

PETERS

(AGAIN APOLOGIZING...SINCERE)

I didn't want to be a witness.  
I didn't want to have to say  
it was him. But they asked me.  
I couldn't lie.

CHIEF

Never mind, Mr. Peters. You  
don't have to explain to these  
reporters. (GLANCES AT HIS  
WATCH) Come on, the Prosecutor  
wants to see us.

(HEADS FOR THE DOOR AND OPENS IT)

PETERS (GENTLY TO PEG)

I wish you were right about  
the boy, Miss Kennedy. Goodbye.  
I hope we meet again.

(HE EVEN BOWS HIS HEAD SLIGHTLY  
THEN EXITS. CHIEF EXITS AND THE  
DOOR CLOSES)

WINGE

Listen, what are you doing?  
Giving opinions already?

PEG

I can't help it, Frank. I  
just feel it doesn't make  
sense for her boyfriend to  
have done it.

WINGE

Oh, it doesn't, eh.

PEG

(DIGS INTO HER PURSE AND BRINGS  
OUT THE DIARY)

No. The last page in her diary  
says she was going to be married.

WINGE

Diary. (GRABS IT AND STARTS  
GOING THRU IT) Where'd you get  
this?